

# Puck

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*Keppler, Jr.*

## OBJECTIONABLE ENTERPRISE.

PUCK (to CHICAGO).—The sooner you suppress this Jerry-building industry, the better for you and the Fair!



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Runner.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
SOME SENATORIAL  
BARNACLES.**

THE PITIFUL ATTEMPT of the Republican minority in the Senate to make capital out of the Roach case proves conclusively that the spirit of mortal should not be proud. We are not concerned with the truth or falsity of the charges against Senator Roach, nor were the Senators who tried to play the part of inquisitors. It is known that Senator Roach has lived an upright life for fifteen years, and has been sent to the Senate of the United States by the state of North Dakota. The Republican minority sought to have the motion for an investigation defeated on parliamentary grounds, and to place the Democrats in the position of hushing up a scandal. The Republicans really feared such an investigation, because it would establish a precedent dangerous to the peace of mind of some of their shining lights who have been on speaking terms with the penal code. Senator Hoar doubtless does more than any of his colleagues to enliven the impression that the Senate is a sort of Old Men's Home. As we read this gentleman's very random remarks, tinged with senile acrimony, we picture an assemblage of queer little old men, faded and listless, alternating their naps with feeble bursts of spite. It is feeding hour. Brisk attendants bustle about, fastening clean napkins under the drooping chins of their petulant charges, and feeding them weak gruel from long-handled spoons. Senator Hoar rises tremulously, takes a pinch of snuff, and proceeds to paint the Senator from North Dakota as a man for whom all self-respecting penitentiaries are yawning. He is an eminently respectable old gentleman, this Senator Hoar, with his scant ounce of brains, but fussy as a woman. We think he must know how to make several kinds of herb tea, as our Grandmothers did. Then another of the charges gets up—Senator Gorman—and pipes out that the decision of the Federal Judges at Toledo makes the man a serf and the Judge a Czar. Then Senator Lodge, who thought up the Force Bill all by himself, speaks up. His mind has been droning back to the days of Fort Sumter. He wants to know by whose authority the American flag was hauled down at Honolulu. Consternation is here caused by a coarse, vulgar Democrat, who wants to know by whose authority the flag was hoisted there. The session ends in disorder. The old gentlemen are led off by the attendants, and put to bed in flannel night-gowns. Such is the picture inspired by Senator Hoar and a few of his colleagues. It is a weird proceeding when an exemplar of piety like Senator T. M. Platt pleads tearfully for Senatorial purity. It is harrowing to reflect that a statistically inclined Senate will one day figure out the exact debt of gratitude which the Hon. M. S. Quay owes to the statute of limitations. It was small business, attacking Senator Roach with the idea of putting a little fresh gilding on the Republican

shield. The Leaders of the attack rank with the female gossips that infest boarding-houses. We recommend them to consult an oculist before going mote-hunting.

**A LITTLE  
TALK TO  
CHICAGO.**

We should like to disabuse the mind of Chicago, and of the West generally, of the idea that New York is not in sympathy with the Fair. It is partly Chicago's obtuseness that makes this necessary. Chicago might be excused for attaching undue importance to the occasional belittling attempt of a New York paper, and for inferring a general lack of sympathy from the withdrawal of their products by a few New York manufacturers who saw that they could not all get the highest medal; but it can hardly be excused for taking Ward McAllister seriously. It is sad that any part of a nation so quick to see fun as ours, can be imposed on in this respect. Know, Oh Chicago! that Ward McAllister represents the "smart set" of New York in the same degree that your citizen Michael McDonald represents the Chicago Board of Trade; and that said "smart set" represents the real New York in the degree that a Chicago stock-yard represents Grecian architecture. You call Mr. McAllister many kinds of an ass; we grant you that, and more: he is the ideal ass, but to dismiss him thus is to do him as gross an injustice as would be done Falstaff by describing him simply as a coward and a drunkard. We have the highest respect for your energy, Chicago, but do learn to laugh at the right time. Of course, if you take Mr. McAllister seriously, he offends you with his vulgar twaddle about soup and society. Every man talks shop, and Mr. McAllister's shop is his stomach. Read once more the writings of Jeems Yellowplush, who is amusing as well as vulgar. Then re-read the McAllisterian skit that aroused your ire. Note his simplicity and his funny misuse of words. You will find his work as superior to Thackeray's as nature ever is to art. You will thank the enterprising but irreverent New York *World* for giving you such a treat, and you ought to thank us for telling you how to enjoy it. An eloquent partisan in your behalf is Mrs. John Sherwood. Quite a crowd of real society people gathered the other day in one of our magnificent new hotels, given us through thrifty barter in hides and other stuff by one of our smart set. She gave them a glowing account of the vast work you have accomplished. She devoted the Summer of 1889 to the Paris Exposition, and she says our Columbian Exposition is twice as well worth seeing. Her talk was energetic and convincing, and has interested a class of people that have hitherto given but little thought to the matter. The real New York, however, needed no such assurance. We were qualified to endorse all the praise Mrs. Sherwood gave you. You are the most American city in the United States, and you alone could have done what has been done in Jackson Park. Your public-spirited energy is as wonderful as your growth. We doff our hats to you, and we shall not fail in a more substantial acknowledgment. But you have a hard tussle before you yet. You have got to protect your millions of visitors from extortion, disease and untimely death in flimsy buildings. Make sure that no more serious charge than being Western can be brought against you.

**PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR NUMBER**

Contains reproductions of the choicest work that has appeared in PUCK, with brief description of PUCK's methods and progress. A splendid example of American humor, color-printing and typography. On sale at PUCK BUILDING, Jackson Park, Chicago, during the World's Fair; also by all newsdealers. 64 pages. Price, 50 cents.

**WELL MADE.**



"MAID ONE."



"MAID WON."



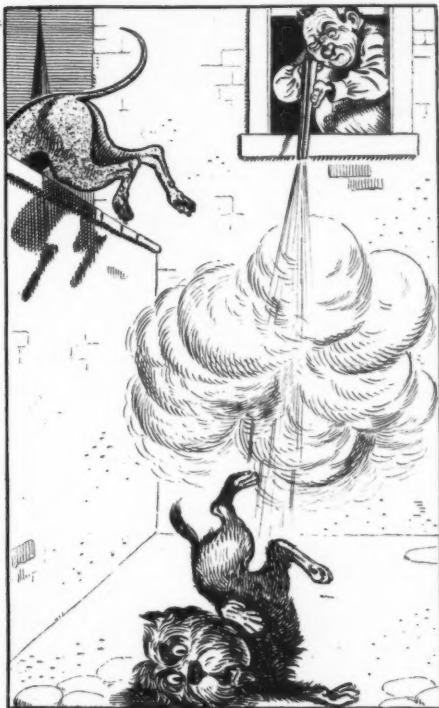
"MADE ONE."



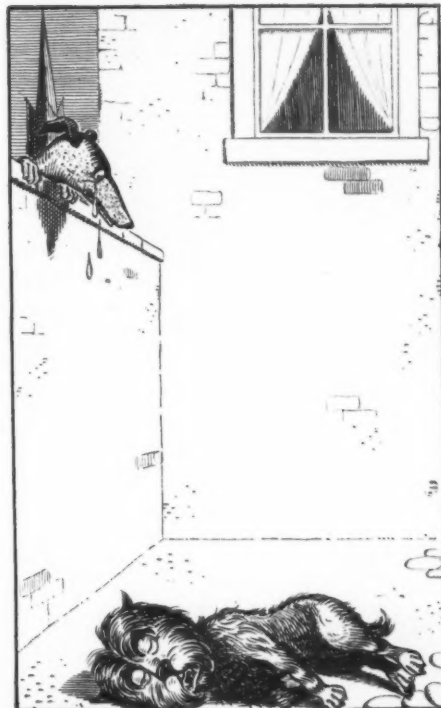
A JOKE THAT DID N'T WORK.



BRUNO.—Come, Cicero, here's lots of fun. Let's sit here and howl; we'll scare the man that lives in that house nearly dead. He believes it's a sure sign of death for a dog to howl at night.



! ! ! — Wow — ! !



CICERO.—Well, I guess the man was right; it was a sign of death. Poor Bruno!

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

DOWNEY (to BARBER).—Thunder! Who told you to shave me?

BARBER.—Why, sah, you went to sleep atfeh yo' hair-cut, an' I thought—

DOWNEY.—Yes, you thought!—And here I've gone around looking like a fool for three weeks, and have n't a sign of beard after all!

THE RAINSFORD PLAN.

SENIOR WARDEN.—Coming down to the church fair to-night?

VESTRYMAN.—Can't spare the time; this is my week to tend bar.

SENIOR WARDEN.—Well, let me sell you some chances, then; we're going to raffle off a free scholarship at the White Plains Keeley Cure.

ODOROUS.

MRS. MULCAHY (through the tenement air-shaft).—Hurroo! Misthress Muldoon, below! Are yez corn bafe an' cabbige boilin' over?

MRS. MULDOON (below).—Whisht! No; but me ould mon's smokin' a cigarette thot a dood gev him on l'avin' th' cab lasht noight!

ONLY WORDS.

BEACON.—You New Yorkers do not understand Henry James's literary status.

BLEEKER.—Oh, yes; we do—now! Once we may have thought he wrote novels, but now we know it's just English.

BUT THE HONORS WERE NOT EASY.

WALKER HAM.—Hello, old man! Where have you been all Winter?

ONNIS UPPERS.—Out West, playing second parts to Scully in heavy tragedy.

WALKER HAM.—Good, good! An' I'll wager me kingdom you divided the honors with the star.

ONNIS UPPERS.—On the walk home, me boy, it was a tie between us.

WE ARE generally so carried away by the last words of famous personages, that we never pause to reflect that the first words of these same heroes were "goo, goo, goo!"

IMPETUOUS PEOPLE are reminded that a fellow can't warm his hands by burning his fingers.

GREATNESS is the quality that makes a man's private affairs of interest to the public.

THE WESTERN VERSION.

ST. PETER.—Did you try to live up to the Golden Rule?

CHICAGO MAN.—Yep; I tried to do others before they did me.

SOONER THAN EXPECTED.

TOM BIGBEE.—When does your marriage with Miss Goldbug come off?

HOFFMAN HOWES.—It's off now.

HIS VERSATILITY.

"'T would knock me cold, this weather hot,"

Remarks the princely plumber;

"If a ball player I were not

Throughout the breezy Summer."



COUNTRY PACKING.

SMUGGS (returning to city).—What's that other wagon for?

COUNTRY CARMAN.—Oh, that's to carry the stuff that drops off!



FRENCH TALES RETOLD  
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.\*

### THE PETTIBONE 'BROLLY. (Concluded.)

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by H. C. BUNNER.

A care-worn theatre treasurer once stopped, with a tin box in his hand, at the door of the manager's office, and pointed to the open doors of the auditorium, as he addressed a friend.

"Do you see that red fire in there?" he said, "and them ruins tumbling down, and that corpse going off the stage a-top of four Romans? The audience thinks that 's the end of the tragedy. Well, 'tain't. Wait till I go in and tell the old man there was only a hundred and twenty-two dollars in the house. That will be the end of the tragedy."

Mr. Pettibone might well walk off downtown with his new umbrella in his hand and his struggle and agony behind him. But Mrs. Pettibone — what of Mrs. Pettibone, left alone in the house with the corpse of the murdered umbrella — the elder and original silk umbrella of the house of Pettibone? If she looked at it once that morning, she looked at it a score of times. When she was not looking at it, it was not wholly out of her mind. It stood to her for \$4.98 dead loss; and the \$4.98 she had taken from the treasury for the purchase of the second umbrella had brought to her as yet no visible return, so that that sum seemed to her as clear a waste as the other. Thus regarded, the ghastly object before her became in a sense the wreck of a \$9.96 umbrella; and the contemplation of this simply disgraceful extravagance, taking a concrete and tangible form right in her own household, tortured her almost as a mother's heart is tortured when a child goes hopelessly astray.

She felt so badly that in order to make herself feel worse she went into her front parlor; but there, before its gloom could fairly penetrate her system, something occurred to her that made her drop into a chair "all of a tremble," as she afterward said.

Her eye had fallen upon the new velvet carpet rug in front of her, whereon a yellow tiger slew a brown deer with great wickedness. It lay before the Franklin-heater, and replaced one that two years before had been damaged by a fire in the chimney.

How came it that she had not before thought of the Insurance Company?

The Insurance Company had paid for the rug — why should it not pay for the umbrella? When she got over her first nervous trembling, she resolved that the Insurance Company *should* pay for the umbrella. She had done a great deal of hard thinking in the ten minutes that she had sat on the uncomfortable little satin chair in the chilly parlor, but she had made up her mind. She had determined to go herself to the Insurance Company and to collect the cost of that umbrella. Why should she go by herself? Because she knew that her husband would not like it; that he would not go himself — nay, more, that he might once again put his masculine foot down, and prevent her going if he knew of it. How did she know this, having no knowledge whatever of the subject, nor having conversed thereon with her husband? I do not know. But there is a good deal of instinctive knowledge of that sort dodging around between the confidences and the reserves of married life.

It was this knowledge and the accompanying feeling of guilt that made her timorous at heart — the more timorous that, like many another Ninth Ward house-wife, she never stirred beyond her own narrow neighborhood, save to make a few necessary purchases or to see a parade. Therefore she dressed herself in her very best, including a bonnet that was built in the days when people knew what a bonnet was; and she made a decidedly imposing figure as she set forth, with a good dignified space — a generation, at least — between her attire and the frivolity of the present fashion.

Still, she was somewhat intimidated when she stood at last before the big marble front of the solid, old-fashioned building that housed the vast offices of the Birmingham, Leeds & West Riding Assurance Company, Limited, in a dark and much crowded street far downtown. She stood long on the sidewalk, looking through the plate-glass windows at the long rows of gas-lit desks and gilded gratings. At last she entered and inquired of a uniformed boy where she could see "the principal." The boy was American — the only American thing in that great office filled with Britons and sodden in Britishism. He looked sharply at Mrs. Pettibone for a moment, then he said:

"General Manager, ma'am? Mr. Thumblefield? Yes, ma'am. This way, ma'am."

Perhaps Mr. Thumblefield had left word that he expected his aunt that morning; perhaps the clerks were awed by Mrs. Pettibone's stately and antique port; perhaps the boy did not belong to the Assurance Company, and was only trading on his knowledge of its ways in a spirit of sinful American levity — somehow Mrs. Pettibone was rushed through various corridors and passages, and suddenly found herself a little out of breath in a gas-lit room, upholstered in pleasant-smelling leather, dark of hue and old-looking; where a large man with a ruddy face and beard of mixed gray and red, who sat in a large chair at a large desk, asked her politely but with evident surprise to take a seat. Two other large men with much the same general appearance stood near him with their hats in their hands. The man at the desk added politely to Mrs. Pettibone as she sat down:

"One moment, madam, and I am at your service." Then he continued, turning to the other two large men: "Well, gentlemen, I'm afraid that 's the best we can do for you. We'll pay the \$75,000, of course — or \$85,000 — which is it? — Yes, \$85,000. The \$11,000 claim Pratt will let you know about. That 'll be all right, I suppose?" Here the other two men nodded in a matter-of-course way. "But as to the \$72,000 claim, the Company absolutely refuses to pay you one cent of it under that policy or any other that we'll ever draw."

"Well," said one of the others, meditatively, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "I supposed that was about the position you'd take; I suppose we'll have to carry it up."

"Oh, yes," said the other of the visitors, nodding his head assentingly; "I always said it was a matter for the Court of Appeals."

"Fancy so," said the man at the desk; "they'll settle it. Just as well to have these matters settled once for all. When will you get up to see that new pair of mine, Picklesby?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Mr. Picklesby. "Fancy I'll get up with Rowbotham toward the end of the week. Come along, Whilkington!" And with three grunts of British geniality, they bade each other good-by, and Mrs. Pettibone was left alone with the General Manager of the Birmingham, Leeds & West Riding Assurance Company, Limited.

Mrs. Pettibone was frightened; but you would never have known it from the tone of her determined voice or the expression of her stern features.

"I want you to look at that," she said, thrusting the umbrella at the General Manager in the manner in which she might have called the attention of a dirty boy to the thumb-marks he was making on her clean front door.

Mr. Thumblefield took the umbrella in frank amazement, and mechanically opened it.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Mrs. Pettibone. The General Manager looked at it inside and out. What he saw was — not an umbrella perforated with cigarette-burns, but an umbrella that had sustained a much more serious, extensive and yet far less symmetrical internal conflagration. In fact the ravages of the flames could no longer boast any artistic merit. They presented merely an accidental appearance.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Thumblefield, clearly taken back, "I should say that I rather thought that it was by way of being in very hard luck, don't you know?"

"It 's burnt," said Mrs. Pettibone. The General Manager of the Assurance Company again gave the umbrella his careful consideration; then he rolled it up and handed it back to Mrs. Pettibone, stolidly remarking:

"So I should have supposed." "It cost me \$9.96," Mrs. Pettibone went on. The General Manager again took the umbrella from her hands and again he examined it.

"Very remarkable!" he said. "Never should have thought it;" and he once more returned the umbrella to its owner.

"You'll admit that it 's burned," said Mrs. Pettibone, with irritation in her tone.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Thumblefield; "really, my dear madam, I

(Concluded on page 150, this number.)







## A CONFESSION.

MAY KISSAM.—Don't you think Mr. Smith's first name, Rinaldo, is a pretty one?

HER BROTHER.—Oh, good enough; but you can't get away from "Smith."

MAY KISSAM.—I don't want to.

## A WAIL.



ALL MY buttons now are hanging to their moorings by a thread,  
And my coat-sleeve lining's worn and torn to ribbons gold and red;  
All the binding on my vest is badly raveled here and there,  
And my dogskin gloves are buttonless and sadly need repair.

But my wife with thread and needle can not make me spick and span,

So I must be guyed and laughed at by my wicked fellow-man.  
And the reason that my wife can not mend the duds for poor old me—  
She's too busy sewing for the Parish Aid Society.

R. K. M.

## PULLING TOGETHER.

NEIGHBOR.—How are your sons getting along in town?

FARMER FURROW.—Doin' first-rate.

It's no trouble to get along if folks will only pull together.

NEIGHBOR.—What are they doing?

FARMER FURROW.—One is a doctor, another is an undertaker, and the other two are influential members of the street-cleaning department.

## A POTENTATE'S CURIOUS ERROR.

"Louis XIV must have been a very ignorant man on the subject of history," said the sweet girl graduate. "He said, 'After me, the deluge!' when the veriest school-boy knows that the deluge antedated him by centuries."

THE DOLLAR that you borrow never seems nearly so large as the dollar that you lend.

OIL on the troubled waters won't improve the quality of seltzer.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND—  
The Blind Idiot.



## AN ALL-IMPORTANT QUALIFICATION.

NEIGHBOR (to OTHER NEIGHBOR, who has just pulled his pugnacious son out of a fight).—You had better make a prize-fighter out of that boy.

THE OTHER NEIGHBOR.—That's out of the question. He has an impediment in his speech.

## THE DRUMMER SPEAKS.

"No," said the drummer, as he stroked his cheek reflectively; "I do not remember of ever getting stumped but once. It happened up in Maine, and I was knocked out by a young man, a mere kid, in fact. I was going from Skowhog to Hogskow, and the trains on that road did n't run with any regularity. Some people called it the Heart Sick Railroad, because all hopes concerning its trains were deferred ones. You were liable to be riding on a last Sunday's train to fulfill a business engagement, or to get on a train Friday and discover it was a last Monday's train. One man told me that when the former agent was there, he wanted to go hunting a few miles down the road one Wednesday. He had his gun and dog with him, and the agent would n't let him get on the train when it came along, because it was the regular church train which should have passed the Sunday before. There was a new agent the day I stepped up to the window and asked him at what time the train left for Hogskow. He was very young, but he had been drilled by the railroad company on the importance of his position. He looked at me with a four-track-railroad stare for a moment, and then said, 'The secrets of this company are not for the public, sir;' I fell into a collapse in the corner, and did n't recover until my train had passed."

## SEE THAT HUMP?

MRS. LAIGHTIN.—Do you go much into society?

MRS. UPHAM—UPHAM.—Why! I've never been out of it!

## TWO SORTS OF LIBERTY.

ENGLISHMAN.—Why do you Americans talk so much about liberty? I can't see that you have any more liberty than we have.

AMERICAN.—Wait till you see an election.

ENGLISHMAN.—We have elections, too, and enjoy the same liberty of voting that you do.

AMERICAN.—Yes; but you have n't the same liberty when it comes to the counting.



## FORETHOUGHT.

LOST ARCTIC EXPLORER.—Well, I tell you, it's a good thing that I thought to bring my gas stove with me.

HORSE-DEALER.—You want to buy a horse, do you? John, bring out that single-footer to show the gentleman.

MR. DE SMITH (recently engaged to be married, timidly).—If you please, sir; I think I would rather have a single-hander.

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE are peculiar people whom other people can not afford to call fools.

THE DEAD-LETTER office is something in the nature of a *post mortem*.

THE MAN who sees "green monkeys" may be said to be full of animal spirits.

THEY HAVE done away with the devil in these latter days, because man can now be trusted to carry on the work by himself.

"AFTER DEATH the doctor"—and pretty often *vice versa*.

THE FIRST PERSON PLURAL—The Siamese Twins.

have nothing to deny or to admit about your umbrella. I can't see that it's any conceivable business of mine."

"Oh, ain't it?" his visitor cried; "ain't we insured in this company of yours, my husband and me?"

"Really I don't know," said the General Manager; "are you?"

"Yes; indeed, we are," announced his visitor. "My name's Pettibone, Mrs. Obadiah Pettibone. Now, may be you'll remember something about it! And you paid us one loss when the chimney caught fire two years ago in January, — you paid us forty-seven dollars — I remember it just as if it was yesterday. Yes, and we had one fire since then. Did more'n twenty dollars damage; and Mr. Pettibone, he never came near here nor said a word about it to you."

The General Manager leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Is n't it a little odd, madam," he said, "that Mr. — Thingumbob — your husband, and you, should leave a twenty dollars loss uncollected and come here with a claim of less than half that amount?"

"Not a bit," Mrs. Pettibone snapped back at him; "because my husband's a fool, you don't think I am, do you? He pays for his own chimneys, but umbrellas come out of my house-keeping money."

"Oh that's it, is it?" said the General Manager, taken still further aback.

Mrs. Pettibone sat up straight and looked him right in the eyes.

"Yes sir," she said; "that's just it." She was not at all frightened now. The joy of combat was awakened within her.

Mr. Thumblefield leaned back in his chair, rather at a loss for words.

"Well, madam," he said at last, "I — I — I don't really see what we can do for this unfortunate umbrella of yours. Very sorry, of course —"

"Well," said Mrs. Pettibone, "I want that you should either pay me the price of it or give me another one like it, or else," she added hastily, observing a look of unaffected amazement on that open British countenance, "have it re-covered, any way."



Mr. Thumblefield fairly gasped. "But, Great Heavens, my dear woman, we're not umbrella-makers, don't you see! You can't really expect us to mend your umbrella for you, don't you know!"

"All right," said Mrs. Pettibone readily; "give me the money and I'll have it re-covered myself. I could get it done, I suppose, just as cheap as you could. There's a man does covering right around the corner from our house — I ain't never been to him, but they say he's real reasonable."

And there is a man comes through our street in a red-white-and-blue wagon sometimes, and you supply the silk — but I suppose it's no use waiting for him —"

"Pon my word, madam — this is the most extraordinary case I ever heard of. Why, madam, we can't consent to enter into any such transactions. Why, the next thing you'll be coming here, you know, if your husband burns the soles of his shoes at the fire. Really, you know, we can't do it, we can't do it! We can't pay you for accidents that happen to all that sort of rubbish, you know."

"Rubbish!" shrilled Mrs. Pettibone, her eyes sparkling with anger; "then where's the good of your precious fire insurance, I'd like to know? Rubbish! An umbrella that cost most ten dollars! Rubbish! It was n't rubbish when you wanted us to pay for the insurance on it, but now when it's burnt and ruined and Mr. Pettibone going to the office with a seventy-five cent umbrella in his hand — never before in his life did he do such a thing! — Now! — Now it's rubbish! Oh, I knew it right well; I've known it all along. I said to Mr. Pettibone, when he first went into your company, 'I know how it'll come out,' I says; 'I know just how it'll come out!'"

Mr. Thumblefield belonged to that large class of Englishmen who believe, on general principles, that women are made to be jumped on; but who are perfectly willing to accept the fact, in any particular case, that that woman, individually, is not made to be jumped on. He glanced out



of his doorway and saw a long line of people waiting at the clerk's desk where his present visitor should have been stopped. He made a mental calculation of the value of his lost time for that morning, and a mental memorandum to speak to that clerk. Then he said wearily:

"Very well, madam, I'll see what I can do for you. How did this accident happen? Of course, if it was in the street —"

"If it was in the street, what then?" demanded Mrs. Pettibone.

"Why of course we can't pay for it if it happened anywhere out of the house."

"But did n't I tell you it happened in the house?" answered Mrs. Pettibone, without the loss of an instant. She was all herself now, for she knew that victory was at hand. "But I thought I'd told you how it happened. You see it was this-a-way. You see, Mr. Pettibone, he's real careful about his umbrellas; and he don't hardly ever set 'em in the hat-rack where people who come to the house might put their things — no, he just takes his umbrella into the dining-room, and puts it right up against the mantelpiece, where the zinc is, where it will drip into the cuspidor. Now, t'other day he brought home a little kind of a thing to hold matches. It was made of china, hand-painted, and it was a real pretty thing; but he could n't get it to hang real straight. You know the way they make those fancy things nowadays. Well, Mr. Pettibone, he hung it right over where he puts his umbrella, and I told him he'd ought to have hung it somewhere else. 'Obadiah,' says I, 'can't you see that that thing's tiddle-y?' But Mr. Pettibone, he's just like a man. He was all for having it right there. Would n't any other place suit him. 'It'll be all right, Maria,' says he; 'don't you fret.' 'I ain't fretting,' Obadiah,' says I; 'but you'll see,' I says, says I; 'you need n't tell me,' says I to him, 'you'll see what your precious match-box will bring us to —'"

"Will you come to the point, Mrs. a-ah — Pettibone?" said the General Manager in a choking voice.

"That's just where I was a-comin'," pursued Mrs. Pettibone cheerfully. "Well, it was n't three nights after that — no, not three nights — when Mr. Pettibone came in, just as it was getting towards dusk; and I was out that afternoon, and so I had n't got the light lit; and Mr. Pettibone, he went groping around the way a man does, all thumbs, and he struck three, may be four matches. He says he don't remember rightly how many he did strike — it gets so kinder dark now toward evening — and first thing you know he had that match-box down and the matches all over the floor. And then he picked it up and put the matches back; and he was bound he was n't going to say a word to me about it. Oh, my! he thought he was going to be dreadful smart, just like a man all over. But I had n't more than got my head inside the house than I says to him: 'Obadiah,' I says, 'I smell smoke.' And he tried to convince me that I did n't; but, my gracious! he could n't any more convince me when I know a thing than if he had n't 'a' been there. And I says to him, I says —"

"Madam," said the General Manager of the Birmingham, Leeds & West Riding Assurance Company, Limited, fixing an apoplectic eye on Mrs. Pettibone, "will you have the kindness to have this umbrella re-covered at our expense, and send the bill here. The Cashier will see to the matter, if this card is presented to him — immediately."

Mrs. Pettibone walked to the head of Wall Street. She did not get out at any of the streets leading to Greenwich Village, but continued on to where the great thoroughfare sweeps into the bright and spacious cheerfulness of Madison Square. There she selected an umbrella shop of a grandeur to her liking. Therein she entered.



"I want to have this umbrella covered," she said, "with the very best silk you've got in the store. Expense is no object whatever."

She left the clerk gazing dumbly at the wreck of a \$4.98 umbrella, of a kind strange to his eyes.

"Why," said Mrs. Pettibone to her husband that evening, "it was just as easy as anything; he seemed real glad to give it to me. But there, it's no use talking to you!"

(This series of short tales was begun in No. 831 of PUCK.)

#### RIGHT AT HOME.

Just from the races have I come,  
Where I lost all my boodle;  
But in the soup I feel at home,  
Because I am — a noodle.

#### RAKISH CRAFT — The Gardener's.

CUPID BEATS all Congress as an introducer  
of House Bills.

#### GIVING HIS ORDER.

BARLOW (to STAMP-CLERK). — Two-cent  
stamps, please?  
CLERK. — Yes, sir; how many square feet?

#### ANTI-OPTION — Coercion.

IF A MAN were railroaded to prison on New  
York's Rapid Transit plan, he would have  
a chance to die of old age before getting there.

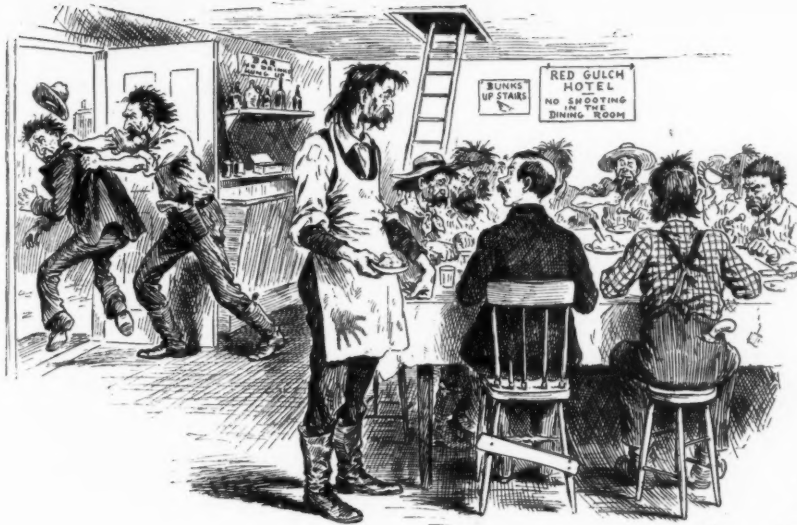
#### STILL WORSHIPED.

Unto the golden calf of yore  
Did man idolatrously bow;  
And we as culpably adore  
The golden eagle now.

#### ROYAL SPORT — Albert Edward.

WE UNDERSTAND that even the Fire Department's hose in Boston is blue.





## ALL REASONABLE REQUIREMENTS MET.

GUEST.—What is the proprietor putting that man out for?  
 WAITER.—He made thirteen at the table, an' some of our regular customers is mighty superstitious. We study to please here, stranger!

## FIRE PROOF.

TOM GINN.—I see that Old Soak is wearing glasses now.  
 JIM SLING.—Yes. He managed to get a pair made to order with an asbestos bridge.

## A SLOTHFUL DEBTOR.

BIGEYE.—The only debt I owe is the debt to Nature.  
 CYNICUS.—Well, why don't you pay it? You might get a discount off for prompt payment.

## A CLEVER EXPEDIENT.

"Hello, Smith! Moving this year?"  
 "Oh, no. I just gave the landlord ten dollars to change janitors. It's cheaper, old boy, and just the same as moving."



"GETTING A MOVE ON HIM."

## THE FIRST SUNDAY IN MAY.

TEACHER.—Eve was beguiled by the serpent; but Adam was punished too, was n't he?  
 DICKY BOY.—Yes ma'am; he had to help move.

## FREE FROM CRITICISM.

WHIPPER.—I know one man who thanks Heaven daily that he is not like other men.  
 SNAPPER.—He's a Pharisee!  
 WHIPPER.—No, he is n't. He's a two-headed man who eats glass.

## WITH A REFRAIN.

The wind flower 's blooming beside the wood  
 Where the spirit of Spring is softly straying;  
 The violet nods in its silken snood,  
 And the squirrel 's out on the stone wall playing.

The blue-bird is flying about the lane,  
 The pickerel dreams in the crystal channels,  
 And the song in my soul has this refrain:  
 "Oh, stick to your, stick to your winter flannels!"

R. K. M.

## INSUBSTANTIAL.

Oh, where may rapid transit be found,  
 In the air, on the surface, or under the ground? —  
 In the earth there is Gas, in the air there is Wind,  
 On the surface, in Talk, we find both combined!

G. E. Hanson.

## A GENTLEMAN OF POLISH.

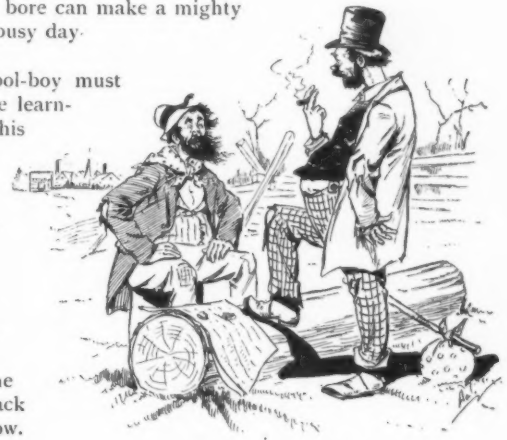
MRS. LYONS (to Guest).—Mrs. Bixby, allow me to present Prof. Seesau, the eminent inventor.  
 PROF. SEESAU.—Madam, I prostrate myself at your feet.  
 MRS. BIXBY (aside to MRS. LYONS).—How charming he is! but, tell me; what has he invented?  
 MRS. LYONS (surprised).—Why! the canton flannel strap for shining shoes. Have n't you heard?

THE PERSISTENT bore can make a mighty big hole in a busy day.

THE FRENCH school-boy must have a hard time learning the names of his country's Cabinet Ministers.

KANSAS 'S TOO big to put into a dime museum, but it is the most colossal political freak in the country.

IT IS SAID that the White House is black with office-seekers just now.



## HIS LITTLE JOKE.

GET ON good terms with the truckman before you fall out with the landlord.

DUSTY RHODES.—We expected to have some pale ale at the banquet; but we had to give it up.  
 FITZ WILLIAM.—Why?  
 DUSTY RHODES.—Did n't have any pail.

"No, WALTON won't join our trouting excursion this Spring. He says he'd rather stay at home and play with that wonderful first baby."  
 "Well that 's scriptural — spare the rod, and spoil the child."

NO MAN is a hero to his valet; but every man is more or less of one to himself.



## SENTIMENT AND SENSE.

MAY BLUME.—George, I can hear your heart beat.  
 GEORGE LEDGER.—You don't say so! Well, don't get my lead pencil in your eye, dear.



THE NAVAL REVIEW, APRIL 27th, 1893.  
"GOSH! I WISH OLD COLUMBUS COULD SEE ME NOW!"



PUCK.



## A MEMORY.



**C**O-DAY IN the grime and drabble  
I stood in a Drug Store, sad  
And hurried, and tired and fretful,  
In short, "just plain old mad!"  
Awaiting a filled prescription,  
(Of course it was for the gripe).  
I lifted at random a stopper  
Of glass, with my finger-tip,  
From a jar of sachet powder;  
It was labeled "New-Mown Hay,"  
And, oh! what a sweet breath issued  
And wafted my cares away!  
It was June in the glad gold weather  
Of home when the hay was ripe,  
And the mowers their scythes were swinging  
To the tune of the jay-bird's pipe.  
It was dusk, and your arm around me  
As we sauntered across the field,  
Where the path was a cloth of gold dust  
And the West was a crimson shield.  
It was rapture and joy! — Elysium!  
For a blissful moment; then —  
A bottle, a check, and a strange voice  
Which said, "A dollar and ten."

Belle Hunt.



## A HOME FIELD.

**THE PASTOR.**—Miss Ethel, you should be engaged in some missionary work.

**MISS ETHEL.**—Oh, I am, and have been for some time past!

**THE PASTOR.**—I'm so gratified to hear you say so! In what field are you engaged?

**MISS ETHEL (proudly).**—I'm teaching my parrot not to swear.

## A BUSINESS ENDORSEMENT.

**MR. SAWYER.**—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

**YOUNG MR. BANKS.**—That's so; the paying-teller has his money all nicely sorted, but the receiving-teller has n't.

## HIS LIMITATIONS.

**GREAT EDITOR.**—Want a position, eh? What experience have you had?

**YOUNG WAYBACK.**—Hain't had none.

**GREAT EDITOR.**—Well, you won't do, then. There are no vacancies in the art, musical or dramatic departments, and the other positions require experience.

**MILFORD PENN.**—What is Chauncey Depew, anyhow?

**HOFFMAN HOWES.**—Oh, he's one of those "drop a dinner in the slot and get a speech" machines.

**AMONG SHOPPING WOMEN,** a bargain is something they could not afford when they needed it, and which they get at a reduction when they have positively no use for it.



## A BURNING SHAME.

**MUSEUM MANAGER.**—Go downstairs and tell the freaks they can't smoke cigarettes here.

**JANITOR.**—That ain't a cigarette you smell.

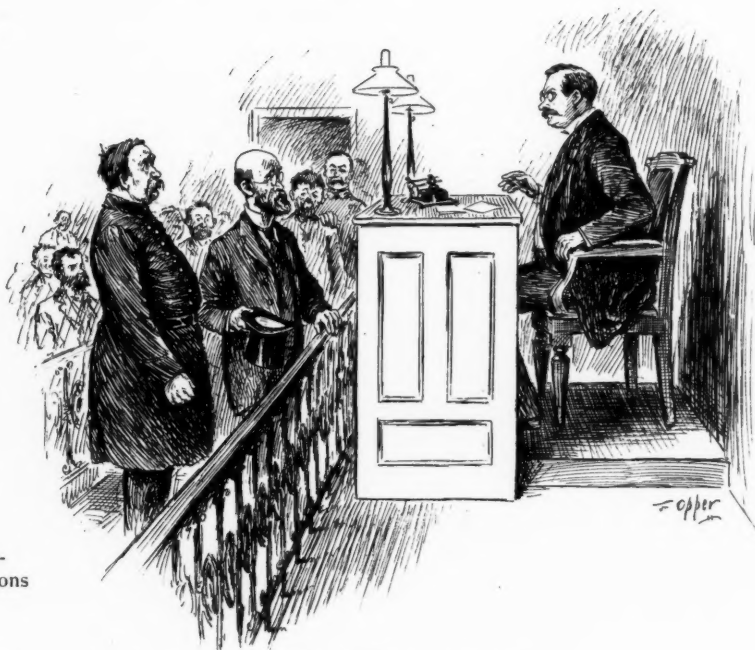
**MUSEUM MANAGER.**—What is it?

**JANITOR.**—The India-rubber man got pushed agin' the stove.

## THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

She took, when she learned that he had fled,  
His photograph from the case;  
"He has broken my heart," she weeping said,  
"And I will break his face."

R. L. McC.



## AN AMPLE EXCUSE.

**MAGISTRATE.**—The policeman says you were dancing in the street, with a crowd around you. Had you been drinking?

**PRISONER.**—No, Judge; I'd been moving—to New York—after living seven years in Brooklyn.

**MAGISTRATE.**—Officer, apologize to this man, and show him out.



The wood-work — perfect; the metal parts — perfect; the strings — perfect; the action — perfect; every, even the tiniest detail — perfect; the whole is the culmination of 19th Century piano-building; the **BEST**, the

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LION. — Oh, the man who puts his head in my mouth has struck a new brand of hair oil!

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result from noble ancestry,

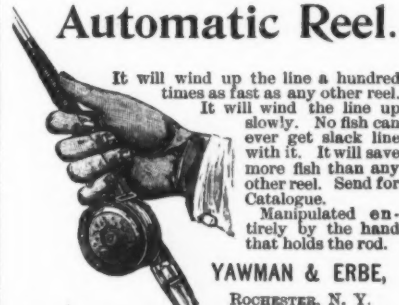
early association, discipline, and natural selection: They are chosen by well-bred people; who prefer taste, elegance, and accurate time, rather than display and great expense. Expensive things are seldom the most stylish or satisfying. You will miss your train or your dinner quite as easy and often with a hundred-dollar watch, as with the new, **quick-winding Waterbury**, which is just as handsome, is **genuine**, and costs from \$15 down to \$4.

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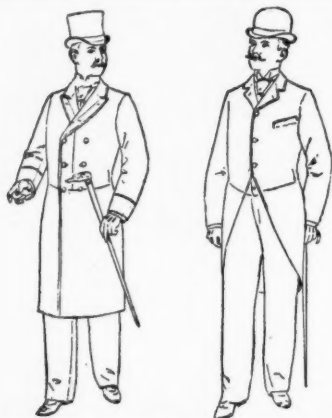
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been good nuff foh me, sah!

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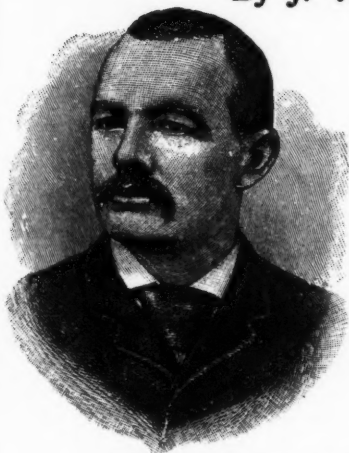
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This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

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CHICAGO BOY.—Big? They're so big you have to look through the wrong end of an opera-glass to see 'em.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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## BOSTON GARTER,

Made by George Frost Co., Boston. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere.



## A SHY, BOLD MAN.

MRS. BLINDERS.—James, you talk the most silly nonsense in your sleep.  
MR. BLINDERS.—*with fear and trembling*.—Er—do I? What do I say?  
MRS. BLINDERS.—Why, you kept calling out the whole night, "Jackson, your 're shy," and "You 're shy again, Jackson!" and you know well enough that George Jackson is one of the most impudent, self-conceited, forward of men, and the most audacious flirt in town!

## Reservations of Pullman Accommodations for the World's Fair on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that arrangements have been perfected whereby passengers intending to go to Chicago may reserve their Pullman car accommodations in advance. Passengers taking a train at New York may reserve the requisite Pullman space one month in advance of departure; those from other points on the system two weeks in advance. This arrangement may be made upon application to ticket agents of the Pennsylvania Rail-

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Is a saying wise and true:  
But no other tailor, old or new,  
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You must. Gymnasium won't do it—BICYCLE out to Nature and fresh air—that's rest. Your cycling clerks do most work—take the hint. My Rambler was a paying investment.

Handsome Catalogue free.

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Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. In-ist on your barber using it when shaving you.  
Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c.; 2 for 25c.



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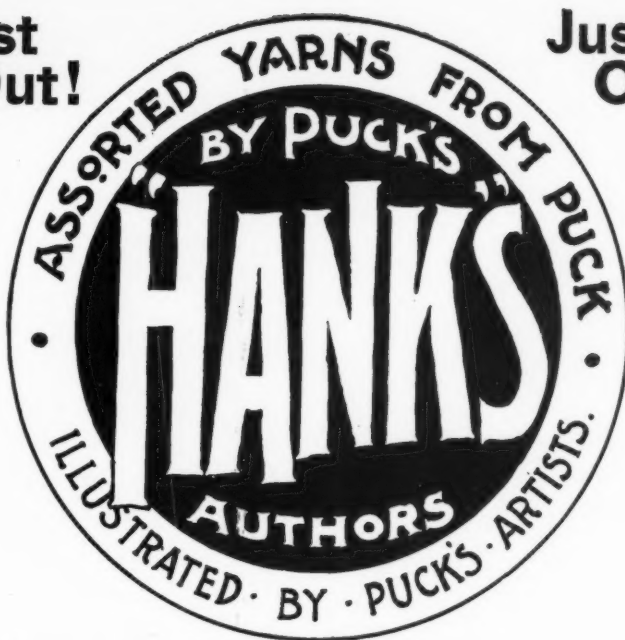
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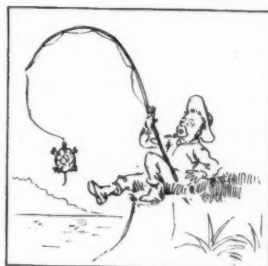
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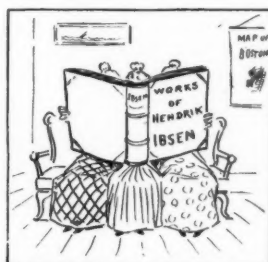
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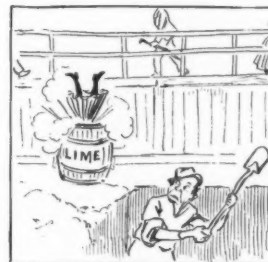
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at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.  
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put a female head on the coins. - *Yonkers States-  
man.*

**WHEN the barber talks too much his stories**  
are generally illustrated with cuts. - *Tex. Sift.*

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THE  
BEST  
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MONEY  
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If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13  
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A Specific against Dyspepsia,  
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Define courage.  
BAD BOY. —  
Not bein' 'fraid of  
th' teacher. - *Street  
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**CLARKE'S** **ABSOLUTELY PURE.**  
The purity - age and elegant  
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Rye has won for it the title -  
**PURE**  
The Finest Whiskey In the World  
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Doz. \$12.00; per Gal. \$4; per 5 gal. \$20.00; securely packed. We  
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**BIRKS & CO.,** Sole Agents, 23 Ash St., Peoria, Ill.

PUCK.



When Algy's "siders" blossomed out  
He thought it much more manly  
To tie his scarfs all by himself  
And shoot his old "Lord Stanley."



The "Ascot" thereupon he bought  
Of pattern somewhat loud,  
And, as he stood before the glass,  
He felt quite big and proud.



And first he made a simple knot,  
As he'd seen fellows do, —  
Then paused; because he realized  
That this was all he knew.



"You hold one end like this," he thought,  
"And then that end goes — where?  
Above? below?" He did not know;  
So, waved it in the air.



At last he tried another turn —  
To luck now forced to trust —  
Result, no better than before,  
Except his hair got mussed.



His hands now flew about until  
He nearly sprained his wrist,  
But only got his fancy scarf  
All in a horrid twist;



Till, in despair, he shouted "There!"  
And gave a sudden jerk —  
A knot he got; but what a knot!  
Alas! it would not work.



He tugged and strained, the knot remained,  
And choked him still more tight.  
He lost his breath, he thought of death,  
And was a fearful sight.



He did not choke, — the necktie broke  
Before that fatal minute;  
But when you preach "tied scarfs" to him,  
He says: "There's nothing in it!"

ALGY'S AMBITION.